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PANDÆMONIUM:

OR, A NEW

INFERNAL EXPEDITION.

Inſcrib'd to a Being who calls himſelf

WILLIAM LAUDER.

By *PHILALETHES.*

Magna eſt Veritas & prævalebit.

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I HAVE no Acquaintance with the *Reverend Mr. Douglas*, nor can I here expreſs how much I honour him, for the Pains he has taken to retrieve our inimitable Poet from the Aſperſions of *Lauder*: I rejoice, however, to hear that he is a *Scotchman*, becauſe it may prevent ſome national Reflections.

PHILALETHES.

BRITISH MUSEUM

PANDÆMONIUM:

OR, A NEW

INFERNAL EXPEDITION.

BY him they own'd their sov'reign when they fell
To council summon'd were the peers of hell,
And thus address'd: 'Immortal worthies all!
'I thank you, that obedient to my call,
'Ye thus convene! Thro' all my realm 'tis known,
'That by your wills your king directs his own.
'By your advice, tho' the first motion mine,
'Against the throne his flatt'rers call divine,
'I lead you to the war: 'twas doubtful long;
'At length we found the thund'rer's son too strong.

'Yet, from this failure, was it once ſurmis'd
'That ill I mov'd, or ill my peers advis'd?
'No cauſe but has its turns to ſink and riſe,
'As here or there the pow'r ſuperior lies:
'And ſtill, howe'er ſecure the victor's pride,
'That pow'r may one day take a diff'rent ſide.
'Since then, we've acted on a thouſand views
'With various fortune, from our worſt accrues
'This glorious thought, that, far above deſpair,
'Deeds bolder than our foes believ'd, we *dare*.
'And 'gainſt our ev'ry ill-ſped aim be weigh'd
'One crown'd attempt, yon human world betray'd!
'Mine was the execution, mine the plan;
'I gain'd on woman, and ſhe gain'd on man:
'Through untry'd ſpace I urg'd my dang'rous flight;
'I paſt, tho' mark'd by *Uriel*'s piercing ſight:

'Ex-

Yet from this failure, v. 11.] As the end of Satan in this ſpeech, with which he opened his council, was to induce the peers to comply with a new ſcheme he had formed, and was about to impart, no wonder he ſhould refer to any previous ſucceſsful enterprize; but it may appear ſomewhat unaccountable, that he ſhould renew their attention to what had been attempted in vain: but let it be conſidered, that by this means he prevented what might have been objected to his preſent propoſal, from paſt ill fortune, and in this view he acted a *deviliſhly* cunning part.

Mark'd by Uriel's *piercing ſight*, v. 26.] As he was travelling in ſearch of this globe, Satan paſſes by the ſun, where he diſcovers *Uriel* its regent,

The

'Explor'd the Bow'r the fond aſſociates trod,
'Debauch'd their reaſon, reaſon tho' their God.
'Tis true, that pair, their *Eden* left behind,
Peopled the globe terreſtrial with their kind;
Theſe to attract from nature's law, their guide,
No unſucceſsful artifice I try'd,
Graſping at all.——The curſed book ye know,
That warns 'em how to fly theſe ſhades below;
Ye know my labours to prevent its ſpread,
And that in *Britain* 'tis too freely read:
Of our defeat by *Michael* and his *Lord*
Its pages but ſome ſcatt'ring hints record;
Perſpicuous theſe to ev'ry common Brain
A *Britiſh* bard has ventur'd to explain;

(*The ſharpeſt ſighted ſpirit of all in heaven,*) to whom he pretends to be a cherub, and of whom he enquires his way to the new-made world, and is directed accordingly: *Uriel*, however, purſues him with his eye, and diſcovers him to be a fallen ſpirit, and deſcending on a ſun-beam, relates his obſervations to *Gabriel* the Guardian of Paradiſe.

MILTON, Books III. and IV.

Curſed book, v. 33.] Evidently the Bible; and from the epithet curſed, as well as his acknowledg'd *labours to prevent its ſpread*, it appears that this enemy of man apprehends it a book capable of doing his cauſe ſome injury.

Too freely read, v. 36.] Manifeſt from hence, that Satan wiſhes not well to the proteſtant intereſt.

By Michael *and his* Lord, v. 37.] Satan here ſeems to allow, that *Milton*'s account of the battles and victory was juſt, who relates, that the infernal bands were much routed by *Michael*'s army; but that the deciſive blow was reſerved for one ſuperior to *Michael*.

'Ten thouſand other thoughts, all *vaſt* and *new*,
'His muſe has ſung, and ſcarce a thought but *true*;
'Thoughts ſcarce by angel ever reach'd before,
'Thoughts *truth* herſelf inſpir'd him to explore;
'Thoughts that quite round their globe have ſpread his fame,
'What more imports, ſpread round that globe our ſhame.
'Ye may remember, when he publiſh'd firſt,
'I prophecy'd this accident accurſt;
'Accurſt indeed! we feel it to our coſt!
'And means I hinted which your councils croſt,
'But which purſu'd had ſpar'd you this alarm,—
'Of which no more!—your ſov'reign means no harm!
'Contingencies no wiſdom can inveſt,
'*Peers* can but judge, and *kings* but act their beſt.

I now

All vaſt *and* new, &c. v. 41.] The compliments of this, and the three following lines, are as high as ever were paid to *Milton* by his moſt ſanguin admires, and yet they are here admitted as truths by the very Devil himſelf.

I prophecy'd, v. 48.] This refers to a council held about the time when *Milton* was firſt publiſhed; a council probably ſummon'd by Satan, and in which he propoſed meaſures to prevent publication, or when publiſhed to fruſtrate ſucceſs; but it ſeems he carried not his point. *Quære*, whether Satan may not ſometimes act without or againſt the advice of his privy council? and whether he might not have ſome hand in fixing ſo low a price upon the copy of paradiſe loſt?

Contingencies, &c. v. 53.] Some divines have queſtion'd, whether contingencies are foreknown, even by the Deity, otherwiſe than as contingencies: the writer of this note would not aſſert any ſuch doctrine; but if Satan may be thought arrogant enough to admit no being wiſer than himſelf, this expreſſion in his mouth is very natural.

Peers can, &c. v. 54.] The plain

ſenſe

" I now propoſe that ye this point debate,
" (A point your king muſt hold of moment great)
" If wiſe or not, (for pluck him from the ſky
" we can't) *that Milton*'s merit to decry?
" To make the world believe that half his fire
" He ſtole, and was, beſides, a public liar?
" Then praiſe ſhall bluſh, and wit and learning rage,
" And his great name no more engroſs the age;
" At leaſt that name, (which here were eaſier borne)
" Inſtead of love, engroſs the age's ſcorn:
" Speak princes! be no riſing thought ſuppreſt!
" Here all are friends, have but one gen'ral breaſt!"
He ſaid and ſat. Now fiery *Moloch* roſe,
With pride of being heard his boſom glows;
O'er half hell's ſpace he ſtretch'd his arm; his tongue
So loud, all hell the eccho'd thunder rung.
" Well has our *ſov'reign* ſpoke his helliſh mind:
" Vile *Milton* has expos'd us to mankind;

" Re-

ſenſe of this line is a truth by whomſoever pronounc'd; but beings who call good evil, and evil good, may underſtand by *beſt* what we call worſt.

Moment great, v. 56.] Satan thinks *Milton* a dangerous enemy.

Pluck him from the ſky, v. 57.] That *Milton* was in heaven was a great eyeſore to Satan. *Oliverianiſm* is not damnable. He that can feel pain at the thought of another's happine's, has a very bad relation.

Fiery Moloch, v. 67.] Eating much fleſh, and eſpecially not well dreſt, is ſuppoſed to make people paſſionate; may not the human ſacrifices offered to *Moloch*, have rendered him of a fiery diſpoſition?

Helliſh mind, v. 71.] *Moloch* cou'd not,

'Reveal'd our ſecret councils with a ſneer,
'The very cauſe for which thrown headlong here;
'Has vouch'd the thund'rer's right, ſupreme, alone,
'To fill, and ſcourge the ſcorners of his throne;
'As if ſpectator of the ſcene afar,
'As if himſelf a leader in the war;
'Juſt in that ſpirit once we breath'd on high,
'Has fawn'd and hymn'd the triumphs of the ſky;
'No cherub, ſtill that throne's low devotee,
'With ampler reaſon claims our ſpight than he.
'What name in truth's deteſted cauſe rever'd,
'But worthy hell's attempt to get caſhier'd?
'Since, then, for truths we ſadden to review
'His mem'ry's worſhipp'd every nation thro',
'How fit our king ſhou'd his great ſoul employ
'The poet's boundleſs glory to deſtroy?
'Mine be the praiſe round all this burning lake,
'That, ſecond in this high debate, I ſpake:
'Second I ſpake too, when of yore 'twas meant
'This hell-afflicting miſchief to prevent; 'Long

not, by *helliſh*, intend to convey any deſpicable idea.

Juſt in that ſpirit, &c. v. 79.] *Milton*'s hymns are here confeſſed to breathe a ſpirit truly angelical.

No cherub, &c. v. 81.] If Devils conceive of *Milton* as of ſtill happy angels, what honours can *Britons* raiſe to the bard beyond his due?

When of yore, v. 91.] *Moloch* here refers to a council hinted above, (ſee note at v. 48.) and, as in the preſent, he ſeconded Satan.

Hell-afflicting, v. 92.] This term may

'. Long it has reign'd, but we may cure it ſtill,
' If not, to tamper may improve our ſkill.'
He ſtopt, and hell was calm: juſt ſuch the peace,
When raging tempeſts, in a moment, ceaſe.
Like diſtant ſtorm new-gath'ring, or not ſpent
The laſt, ſeem'd hell, when, humbly to diſſent,
Roſe milder *Belial*, ' Peers! my deeds have ſhewn
' I hate its friends, and ſpight th' eternal throne;
' *Theſe* would I plunge in deeper lake than ours,
' *That* I would fill with theſe infernal pow'rs:
' But, as of old, for reaſons then expreſs'd,
' Againſt our wars I enter'd my proteſt;
' So now with *Moloch*, tho' few friends ſo wiſe,
' I cannot quadrate—each muſt uſe his eyes;
' To me be no implicit credit pay'd,
' Nor charge with error 'till my reaſon's weigh'd!

may be conceiv'd extremely proper, ſince nothing but hell, or what is very near of kin to hell, could be capable of affliction in this caſe.

May improve our ſkill, v. 94.] Devils, then, acquire knowledge of the human kind by practiſing upon our weakneſſes. Others treat ſuch a work as *Milton*'s as a diſeaſe; let us invert the ſentiment, and conſider it as health to mankind. Quære, whether *Moloch* is not a phyſician below?

I enter'd my proteſt, v. 104.] *Belial* is repreſented by *Milton*, as counſelling peace after the grand overthrow; he might do the ſame before the war began, ſo that *when* the *proteſt* here referr'd to was enter'd may be doubtful.

Each muſt uſe his eyes, v. 106.] *Milton*'s devils are of various ſentiments; but 'tis not remembered that they virulenty reproach one another upon that account.

Should not ſome chriſtians be ſent to hell to learn moderation?

'Goodneſs, and fame for goodneſs, who but knows
'From oppoſition never ſinks, but grows?
'We wag'd with heav'n an unſucceſsful fight,
'And thence heav'n's glory more divinely bright.
'Of *Eden* conquer'd who can point the gain?
'Man *roſe*, not *fell*; we felt new ſhame and pain.
'The chriſtian cauſe, in ſpight of all its worth,
'Owes to reſiſtance its extent and birth.
'Let *Milton* reſt, or you'll increaſe his praiſe;
'Time is the ſureſt enemy to bays.'
He finiſh'd, and was anſwer'd; much that paſt
We wave; the following ſpeeches were the laſt.
Satan, when aſk'd what method cou'd be try'd,
Riſing, with wonted dignity reply'd,
'Man's loſs of *Paradiſe*, by *Milton* ſung,
'Paſt, by tranſlation, into many a tongue;
'From theſe may lines be borrow'd, on pretence
'The bard ſtole all his grandeſt ſtrokes from thence;

'Theſe

From oppoſition, v. 110.] This has been ſtrictly true in a thouſand inſtances; but if devils, notwithſtanding the cauſe they muſt have had to make this remark, ſtill continue to oppoſe truth and virtue, no wonder they are not without their *human* enemies.

Man roſe, not fell, v. 114.] This queſtion, whether more good, natural and moral, has accru'd from the fall of man, than could otherwiſe have been produc'd, has puzzl'd many divines; ſo that it cannot here be decided, whether *Belial* be orthodox.

The chriſtian cauſe, &c. v. 115.] This likewiſe muſt be left to caſuiſts; but it is to be remark'd, that a Devil owns the worth of this cauſe.

'Theſe to the *Britiſh* nation one might quote
'As great originals e'er *Milton* wrote:
'To put the thing beyond all reach of doubt,
'Propoſals to reprint 'em ſhould come out;
'Which manag'd wiſely may ſucceed, nay *muſt*;
'The world is prone to *ſlander*, and to *truſt*:
'Theſe foibles thouſands to our int'reſt ſway,
'Let papiſts *one*, and *one* let females ſay!
'Not that I mean to act what I adviſe,
'Too much beneath me is the enterprize:
'To fiend inferior be the taſk decreed!
'*My ſmile* rewards the meritorious deed!
'Great pleaſure too ſome devil may imbibe,
'From tempting fools half-guineas to ſubſcribe!'

This *Satan* ſpake, and lay'd his accent high;
And full on *Mammon* fix'd an ardent eye.

Mam-

One let females ſay, v. 134.] Papiſts and women muſt determine among themſelves to whom belongs each foible. *Peg Tattle*, applying at once the ſlander to her ſex, proteſted that the Devil knew better than to make ſuch a blunder; that the author of this piece was a woman hater, and an infidel.

Sophiſta ſays, the *Slander* muſt refer to the anathemas the Papiſts thunder againſt Proteſtants; and that the *truſt* intends that unhappy confidence ladies are apt to repoſe in the male ſex, for that ever ſince *Eve* was ſeduced by the ſerpent, woman has indeed been liable to be deceived by the Devil. She allows the author of this poem may be a very *honeſt*, as he appears to her a very *diſcerning* fellow.

Too much beneath me, &c. v. 136.] Satan, at v. 122. is ſaid to reply with *wonted Dignity*. To ruin a ſingle reputation he thought beneath him; his ambition, 'tis preſumed, would permit him to attempt nothing in perſon leſs than the cruſh of a world.

Mammon at once his monarch's meaning took;
(Still he retain'd his ancient heart and look)
Stood, and began, 'no doubt the bard we mean
'Enjoys above a moſt ſeraphic ſcene;
'A ſcene ſeraphic, by reflection dreſt,
'Reflexion on life's parts ſuſtain'd the beſt.
'For honours done their battles in his ſong,
'Seraphs, no doubt, admit him of their throng;
'Perhaps, in caſe of future wars, his poſt,
'To march lord gen'ral of the heav'nly hoſt.
'But what *moſt* gratifies his luſt of praiſe,
'Is veneration *earth* his mem'ry pays:
'I'll marr him there, or call me *Peer* no more.'—
He ſaid: and wide flew hell's reſounding door,
Thro' lines of ſhouting devils ſwift he paſt;
And hell's reſounding door again was faſt.

His

Still he retain'd, &c. v. 144.] *Mammon* the leaſt erected ſpirit that fell
From heav'n, for e'en in heav'n his looks and thoughts
Were always downwards bent, admiring more
The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy.
MILTON, Book I.
Satan perhaps fix'd his eye upon *Mammon* when he mention'd the half guineas, and ſpake with elevation on purpoſe to touch and make him fond of this expedition.

By reflection dreſt, v. 147.] That reflection upon parts well ſuſtained on earth is the joy of heaven, is never the more hereſy for being believ'd in hell.

Moſt *gratifies*, v. 153.] *Mammon* might conjecture this from his own pride.

His courſe he ceas'd not, till a vale he found
At foot of *Scotian* hill:—he rang'd it round,
Then climb'd the deep aſcent; there perch'd, ſurvey'd
A vapour, from no *Aromatic* ſtray'd.
He ſeiz'd the vehicle; the odious ſmell
Touch'd not a noſe ſo lately came from hell.
'Twas hard to work it into human ſhape;
At length, 'twas rather nearer than the *ape*.
Here, as a ſoul that machinates in man,
Conceal'd ſat *Mammon* and purſu'd his plan,
Lauder yclep'd; perhaps aſſum'd that name
To feed his pride with endleſs hope of fame.
In *ample Volume*, and *Cave's Magazine*,
Againſt poor *Milton* he diſcharg'd his ſpleen;
'Impoſtor! who, by artifice unknown,
'Aſſum'd a thouſand honours not his own!

Scotian *hill*, v. 160.] It has been debated, whether it was by accident, or deſign, that *Mammon* ſteer'd for *Scotland*? *Paganus* thinks, *by deſign*; and that he was invited by the coldneſs of the climate.

No Aromatic, v. 162.] From what this vapour aroſe, has been argu'd with great warmth; but the majority agree it muſt be a T—d.

Impoſtor! &c. v. 173.] It is not here affirmed, that all theſe harſh names are by *Lauder* beſtow'd upon *Milton*; but had *Milton* been as bad as *Lauder* would have had the world believe, he would have demerited almoſt any epithet.

'Whom twenty *ſcarce*, but much wrong'd bards excel!
'Knave, ſcoundrel, villain, and the dev'l in hell!'

To get theſe horrid lyes for truths believ'd,
Pompous propoſals now the world receiv'd:
To *Lauder*'s purſe the ready ſtirling's paid,
To ſee, on *Milton*'s brow, the laurel fade.

Uriel, who, from his poſt the ſun, view'd all,
Deſcends upon a beam, as e'er the fall;
Deſcends on *Douglas*, luminates his mind,
And bids him mark th' *impoſtor* to mankind.
Douglas obeys. *Milton!* by right divine,
As wiſh'd the world, the *fadeleſs* wreath is thine!
And hence, where-e'er perus'd thy matchleſs lays,
Thither extend the kind *detector's* praiſe!
Worthy the name, great friend of *Milton!* hail!
Great friend of truth! thou giv'ſt her to prevail!
And thou! *Scotch Devil!* 'ſpight of all thy ſkill,
Thou fail'ſt! our *Milton* is immortal ſtill!

And

Scarce, *but much wrong'd*, v. 175.] *Lauder* intimates in his propoſals, that the authors he would reprint, 'have 'been in a manner quite loſt to this 'part of the world, and have a right 'to be made more public.'

Pompous propoſals, &c. v. 178.] *Lauder* tells the world that the volumes will be dedicated to ſome of the greateſt people in the land, whoſe names he ſpecifies, tho' 'tis certain he never could intend to publiſh at all.

Deſcends upon a beam v. 182.] — *See note at v.* 26.

And cou'd my verſe perpetuate thy name,
While *Milton*'s fragrant thou ſhou'dſt ſtink of fame.

Stink of fame. v. 194.] This epithet will be found proper, if it be remember'd from what the vapour was ſuppoſed to ariſe with which *Mammon* cloathed himſelf.

To conclude, every body muſt ſee that the author of this piece was in a manner obliged to have recourſe to his ſtrange hypotheſis, from the difficulty he found to perſwade himſelf, that of the human ſpecies cou'd indeed exiſt ſuch a wretch as *Lauder*.

11:7:49

F I N I S.